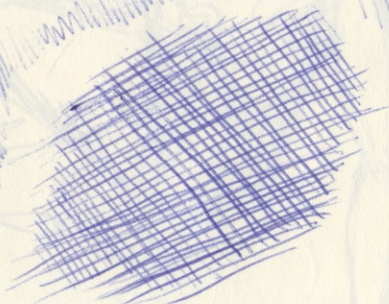
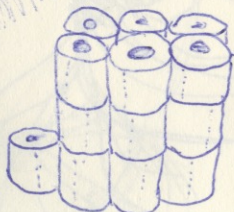
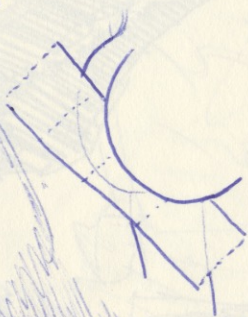
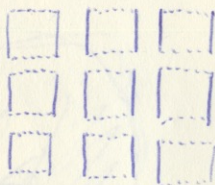
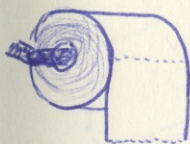




8 ways to see a toilet Paper Roll



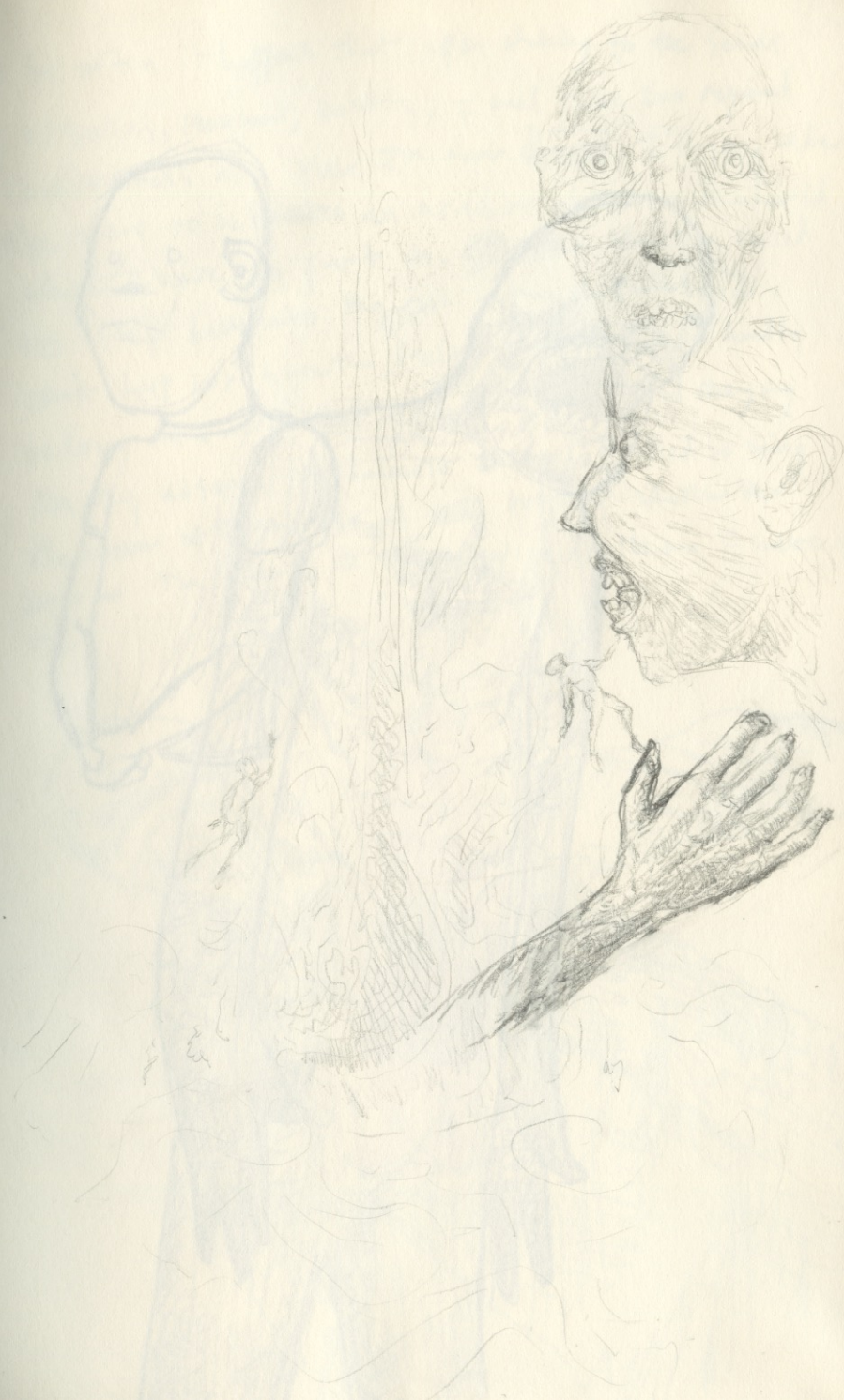


a Copying Machine that destroys the original  
and leaves only the copy ~~that~~ The Postage

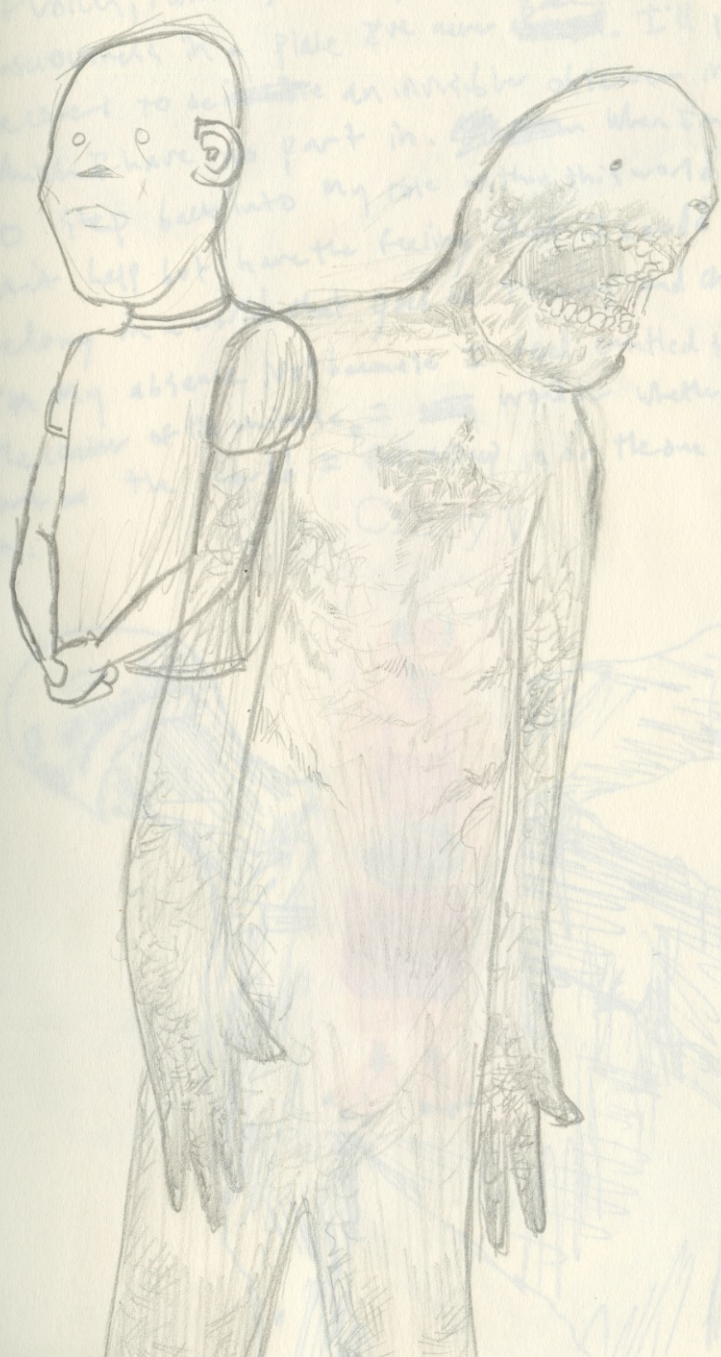




copying machine that destroys the original  
and leaves only the copy. The original







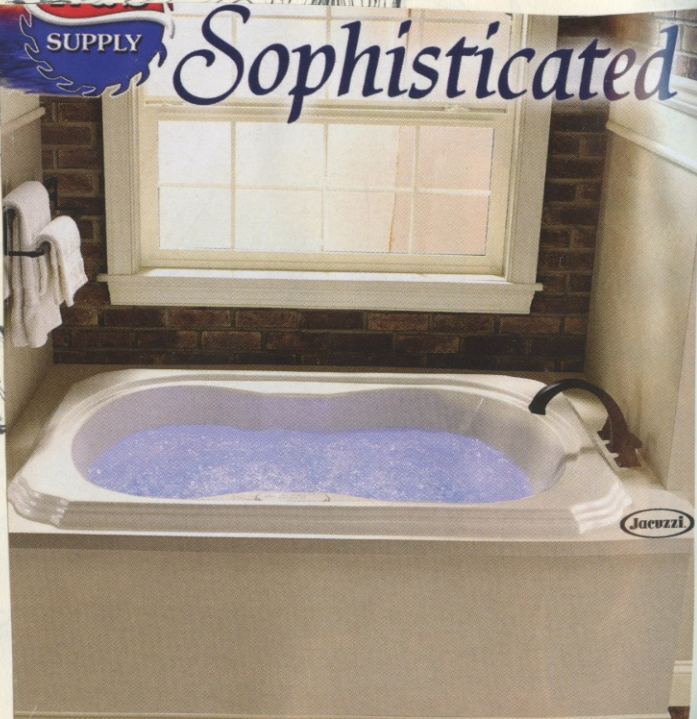


Has it ever occurred to you the possibility that  
some people can change, and some can't?

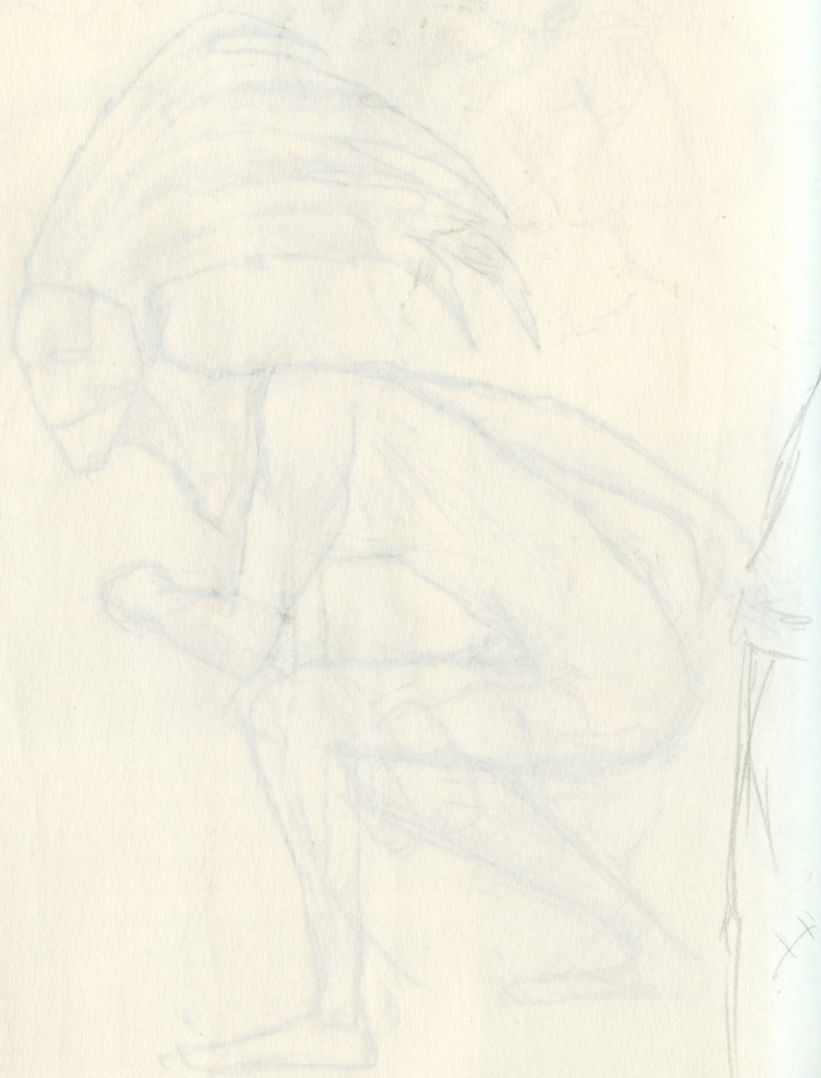


SUPPLY

*Sophisticated*



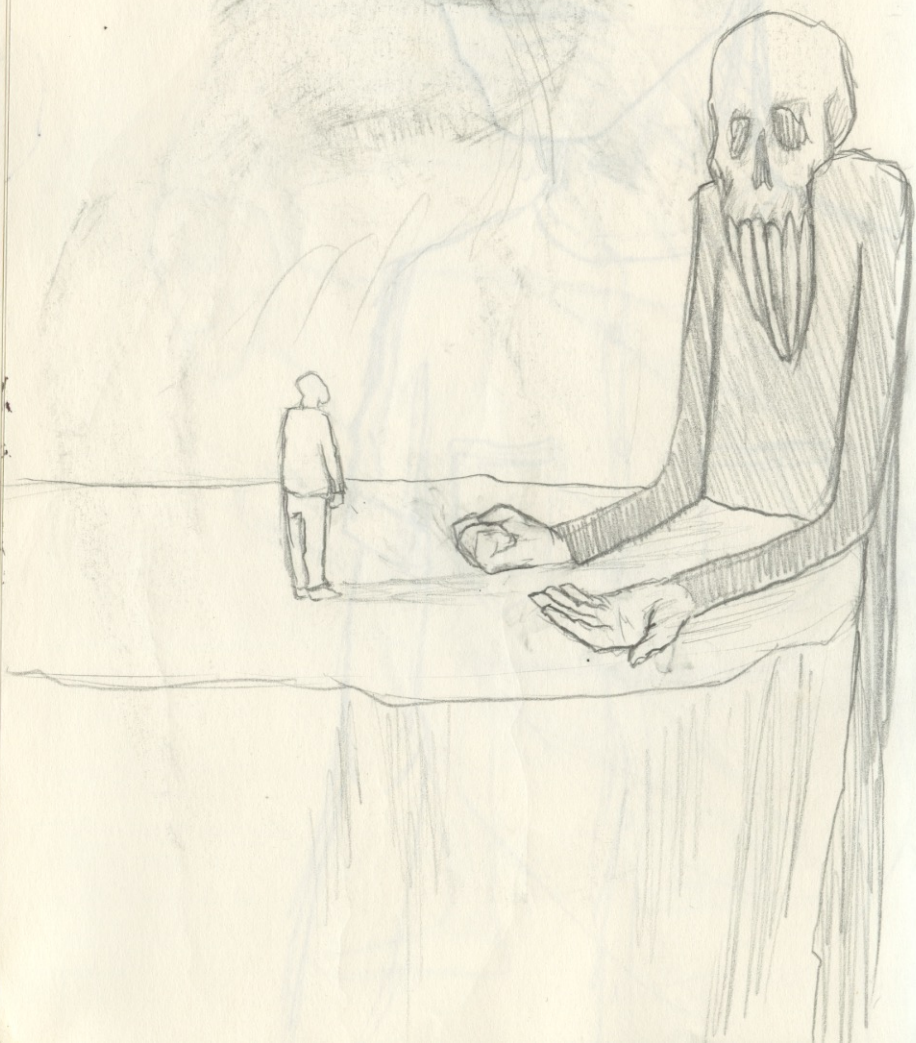




DONT EVER  
Forget that  
I'm more Stylish  
than you are



Stupid movies where the + Romantic interests  
are just meeting and they start + small  
talking and they obscure the conversation  
like it's not important. like the <sup>subject of the</sup> first conversation  
they have doesn't mean ~~any~~ thing

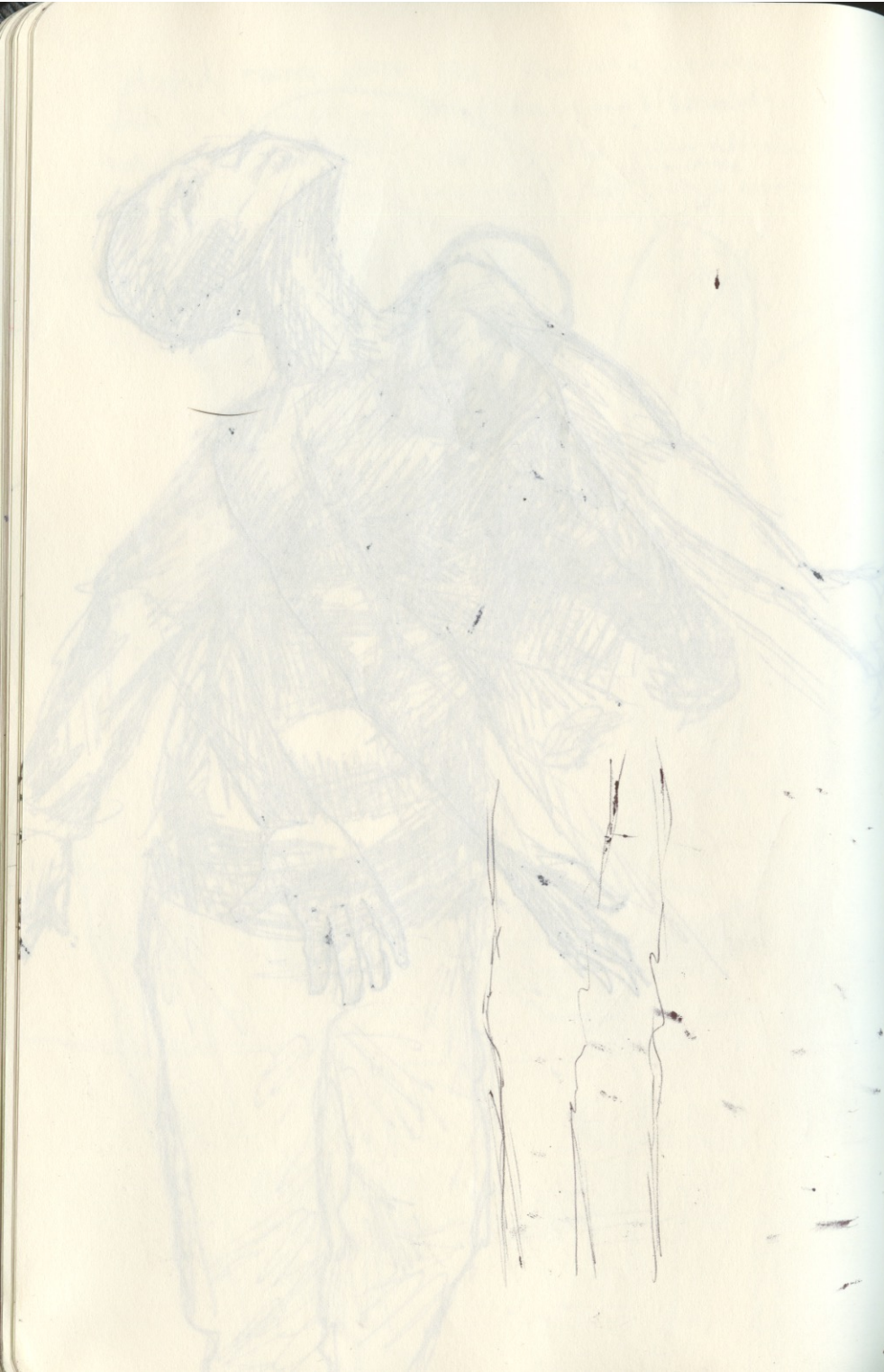




A detailed charcoal or pencil sketch of a man in a dynamic, slightly twisted pose. He is wearing a long-sleeved shirt and trousers. The drawing is characterized by heavy, expressive cross-hatching and shading, particularly on the torso and arms, suggesting a sense of movement and form. The background is plain.













My favorite reaction from the audience is that they are reminded of their grand parents they think that they see their great grandmother resurrected and dancing on the stage, or they recall how their grand father became senile



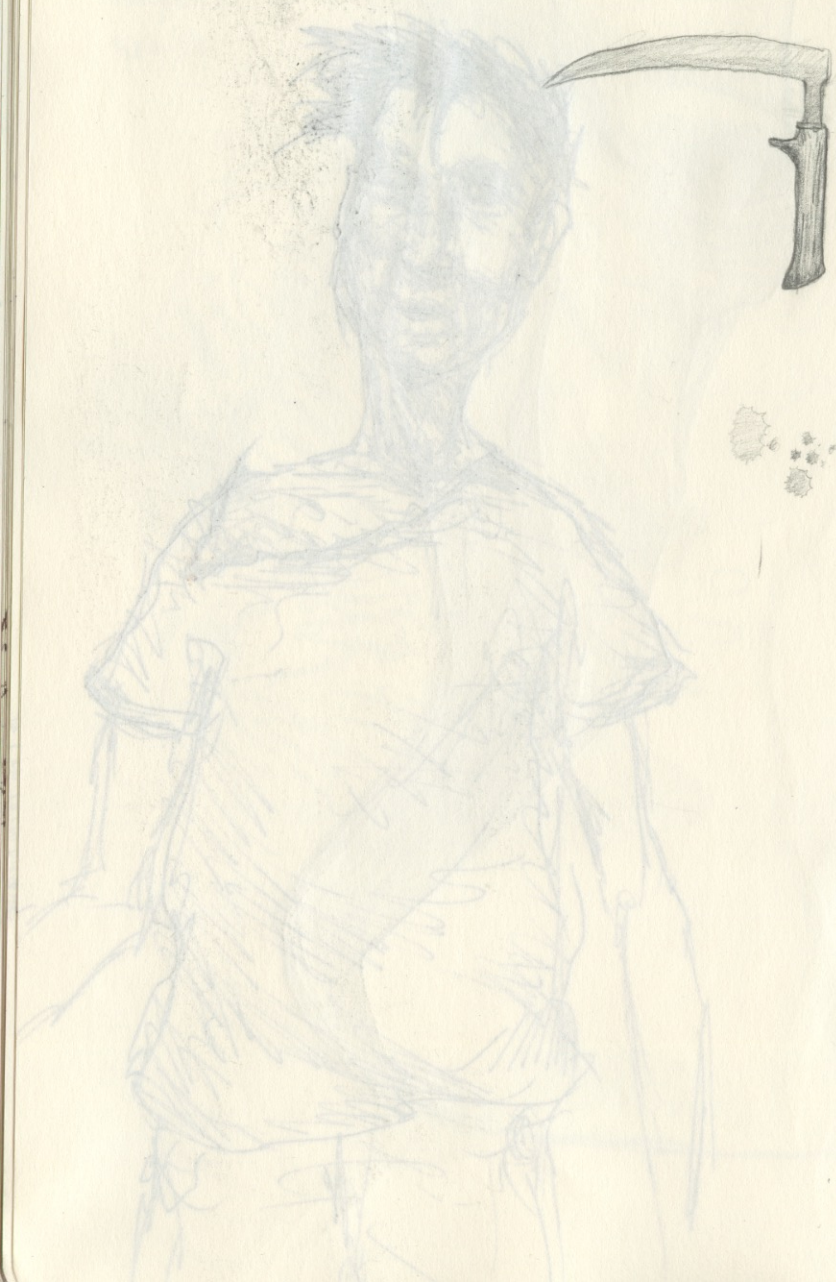
Tree deriving into nothing











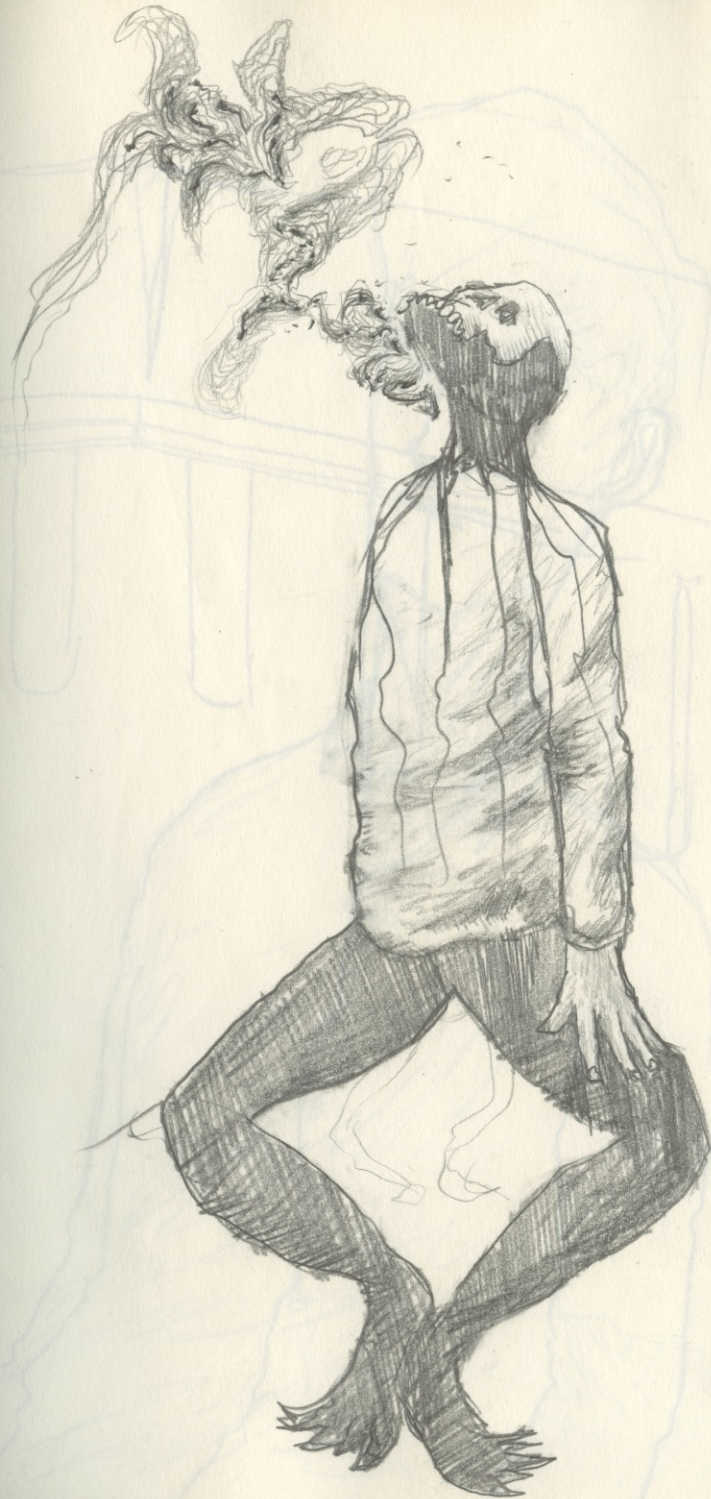


Noam Chomsky, talking about the  
Development of human capacity for language and  
symbolic communication.

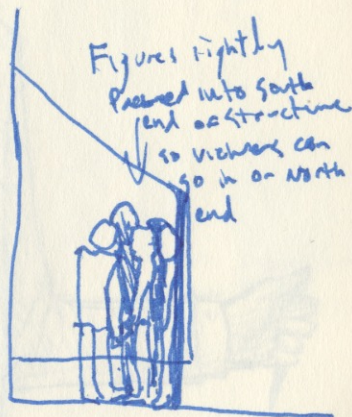
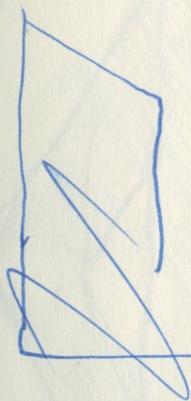
That's what it means to make things, support  
things, love things, hate things, condemn things. All of  
it's communication, it's language, not words,  
(necessarily) British media, I realize that is  
redundant, to say media is the means by which  
we communicate, but how else can you say it?

our interpretation of the medium, our relationship  
to it, if I may, suggests our relationship to the  
ideas associated with the symbols conveyed in the  
medium. Symbols we relate to we may recognize  
or be attracted to, others do not generate such  
positive responses due to their unfamiliarity or  
unsavouriness in the eyes of the viewer.

So if I were to explain to a person what  
reason there is for me personally to create, I  
would do the best I can to tell them my grasp on  
the world can be best disseminated <sup>their creation</sup> not in the work I  
produce, but by the language by which I hope to engage  
my audience in. ~~The language I present, the choice~~  
~~I make~~



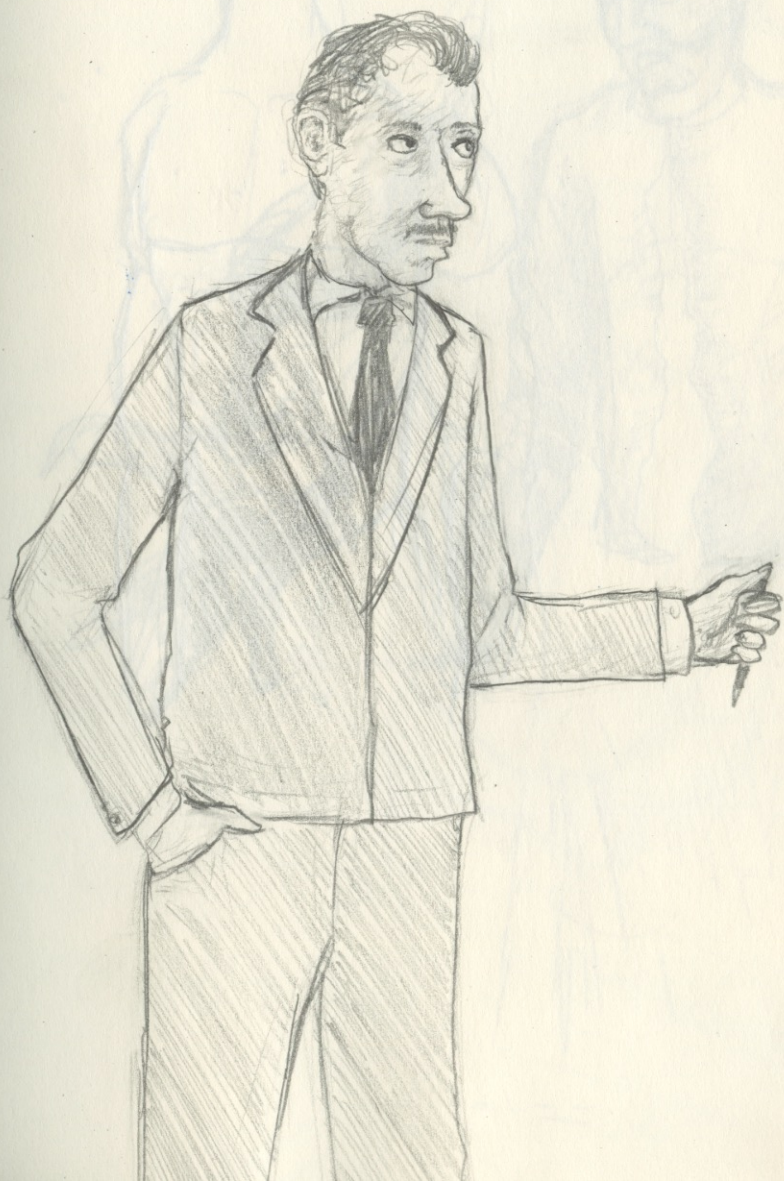




Figures tightly  
packed into south  
end of structure  
✓ so viewers can  
go in on north  
end











Blanco Suburban

Pry socket Mouth

Basic levels

Curvature

Lucy lists

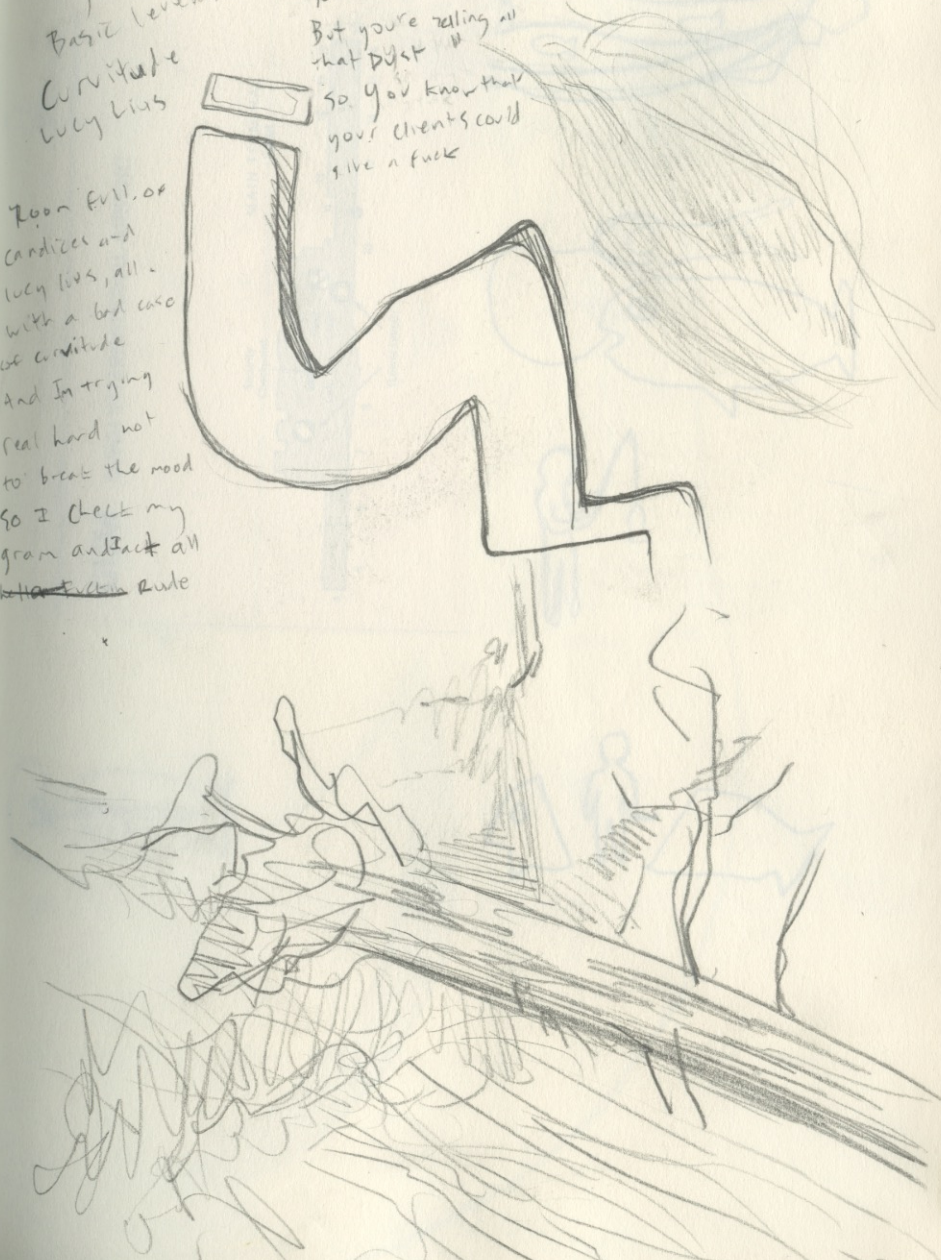
Room full of  
cardiacs and  
lucy lists, all  
with a bad case  
of cardiac  
And in trying  
real hard not  
to break the mood  
so I check my  
gram and fact all  
~~the~~ rule

words that  
Feel like  
Not mine

It's dark and  
you still got transducer on  
But you're telling all  
that dust  
So you know that  
your clients could  
give a fuck

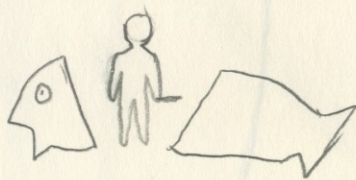
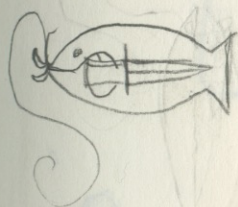
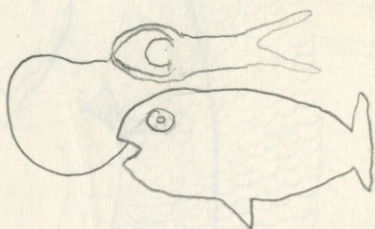
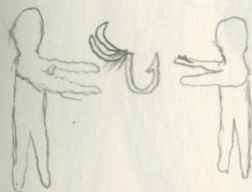
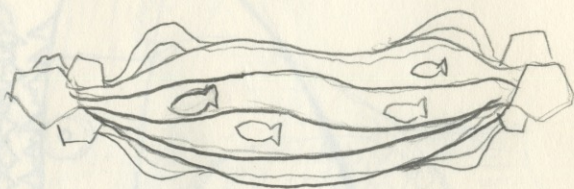
words that sound  
like not me

Deep in my gut  
feels like Pry socket  
trying to hard to shoot

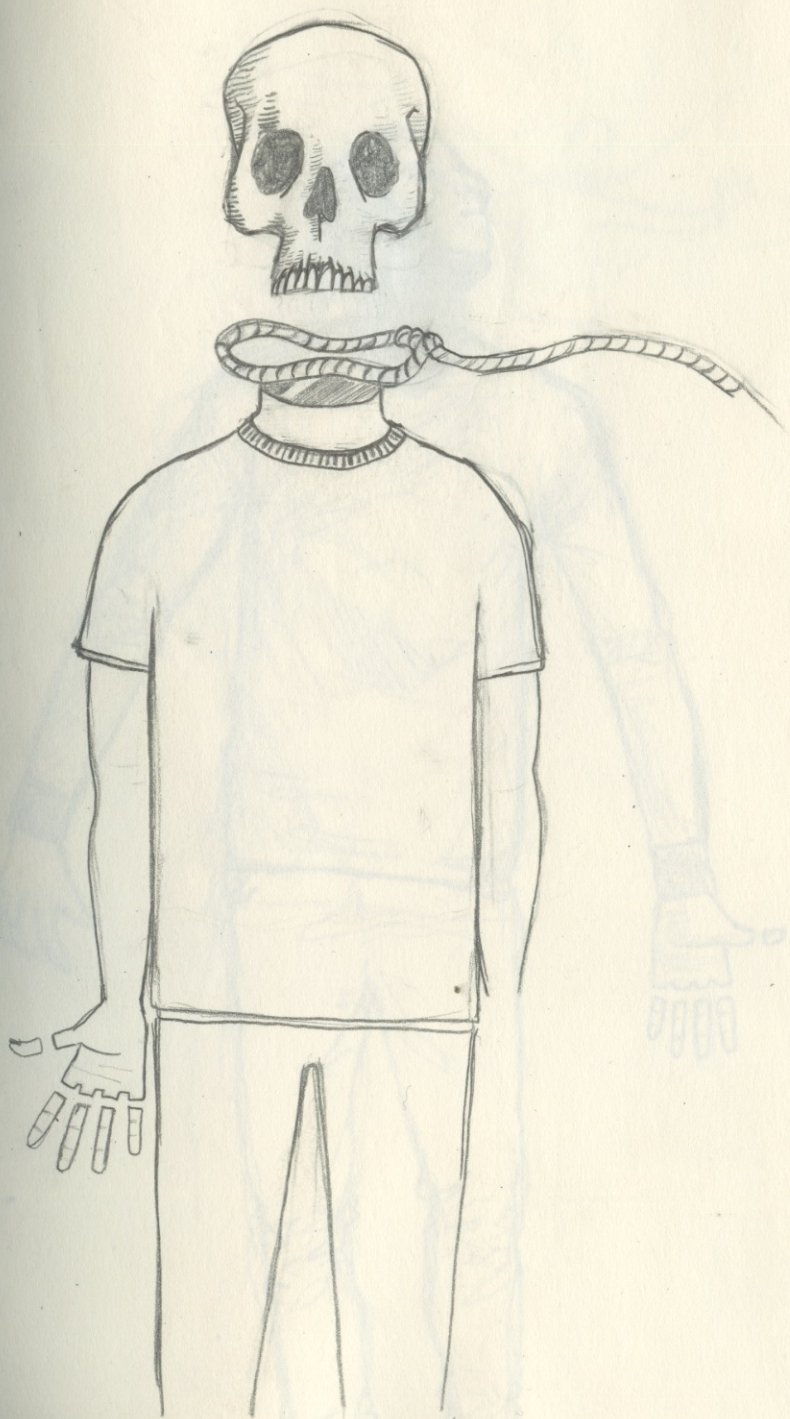




# Fisherman (Belt Design)















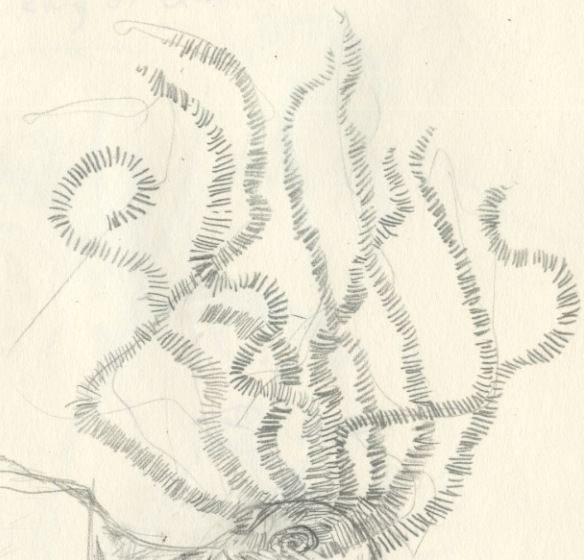


not a picture  
of a person



pages in English of On receiving time from  
indication by way of air

melts



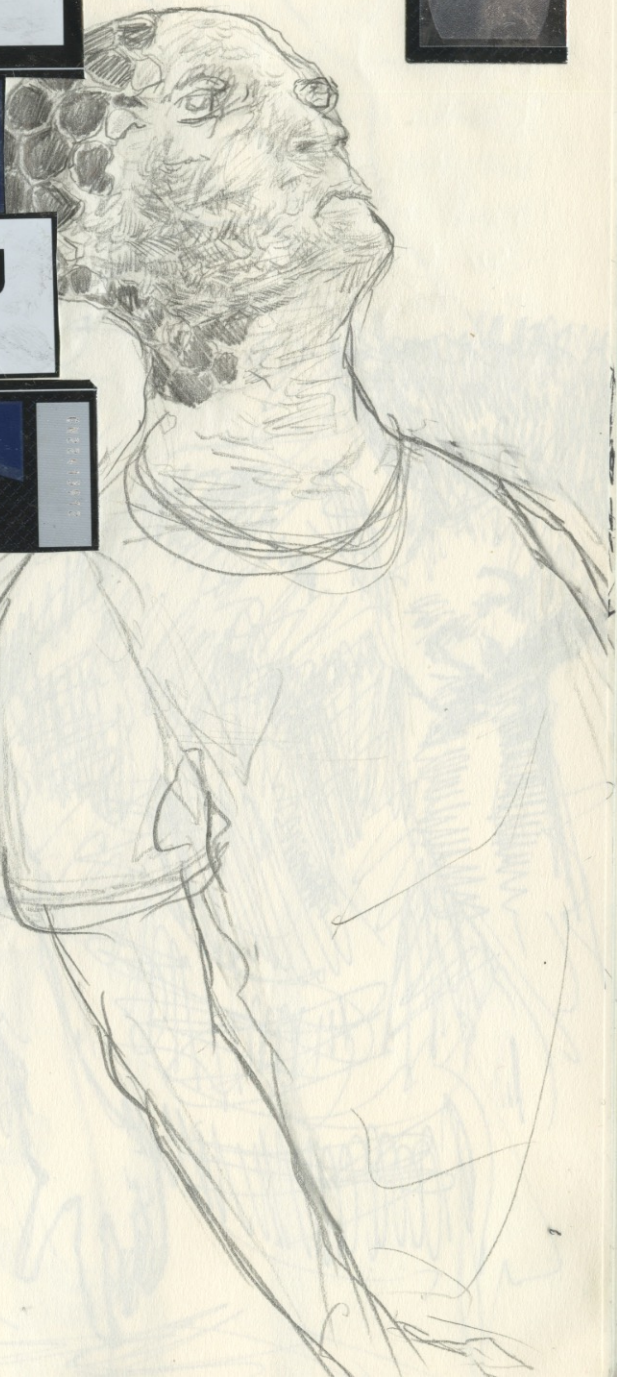


Smoking  
seriously harms  
you and others  
around you

Marlboro

Smoking  
kills

Marlboro





Book shelves on the highest shelf  
on the book case were the stories the  
boy wanted to read. ~~His grand father told~~  
~~him~~ He couldn't reach them himself,  
but his grand father told him he could  
read anything on the shelf that he could  
see from the ground. As years went by and  
the boy grew taller, ~~the~~ more books became  
visible, and his horizons expanded in correlation,  
until he was tall enough to reach up and  
grab them himself.







I AM A  
Ghost hunting  
what ever  
ghost harts  
- A Body  
... who's up  
in a federal  
nut house  
specially  
designed  
to contain  
the Ghosts  
lunch.

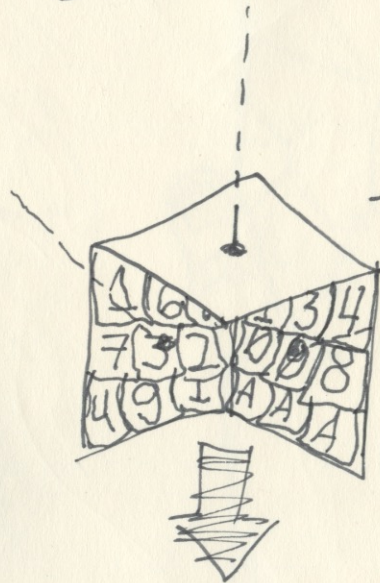
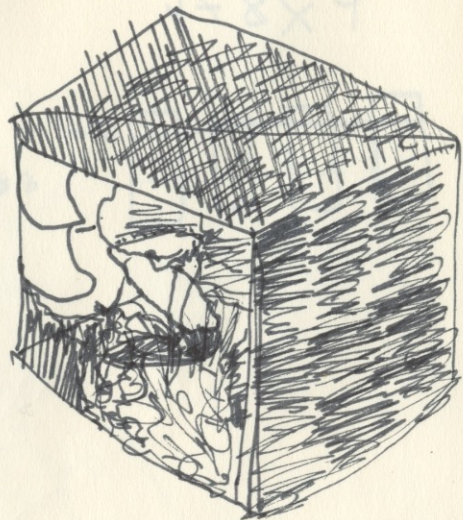
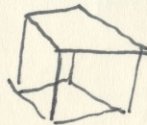


That he lived alone now,  
and no one was going  
to come watch him up like  
his mother, or sometimes  
his father, used to.

Kevin was well  
into his twenties  
when he had his  
first fist-fight. He  
thought it was  
strange it hadn't happened  
sooner, but he thought  
it went well for his  
first time.

Kevin ~~Grady~~  
Grew up in a small-ish  
town ~~about 10 miles from~~  
Ohio. He had some friends  
but none that he thought would  
keep in touch after high school.  
He had to remind himself every day  
~~that he was not alone~~  
~~that he was not alone~~ he had  
~~to remind himself just to get out of~~  
~~bed every day~~. He had several  
pets in his early years, including  
a hamster, a golden pig named Oatmeal,  
and a small dog that ran away and  
got hit by a ~~car~~ truck when he was 12.  
Right at the point when he really felt he  
understood the dog.

These are the Ghosts That  
Inhabited the Man's body  
Between 2003 and 2007.



Glass Aquarium/  
Diorama. 3/4 Interior  
Wall Surfaces Covered  
in Pasted Prints  
Bureaucratic  
Language/Numbers  
Letters



The man sits in  
combat pose amidst  
a museum diorama-type setting.  
Things, grass, dirt,  
gravel, tiny creatures







Turkmenistan



in the paragraphs on play.) So thinking, form provides a kind akin to secondary elaboration, work can achieve its goal of gr more conflicted level. (Simon *Unconscious*, Norman Holland's *Response*, and Anton Ehrenzweig *A Study in the Psychology of Artists* cited treatments of such a view criticism is to make the unconsc the fantasies and the means by ously hidden and satisfied. Freud with the twentieth-century c Matthew Arnold's position that timeless truths, toward I. A. Rich







TO Be known

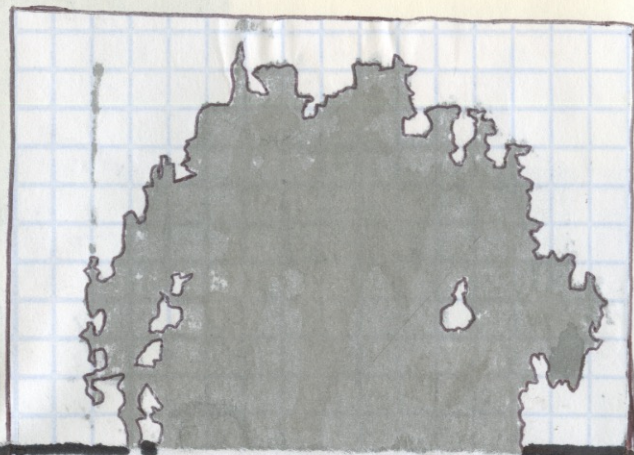
void forms





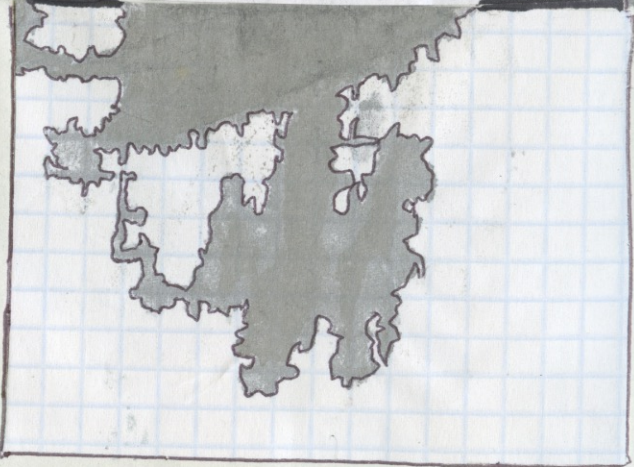






Tfuf the fng of f fn mfngef to cofqef the region  
 fe fto tfee ffofinl hen""nee' Tffuyfff fnf ffff gf  
 g f ffnf f fn Xfn for " o"derf" of n the fif g Gorge f  
 they efecutef Cf ef f: " oreover, 'e fng of Zf fof Tfe f  
 f f f f f f fng of Zeceives such

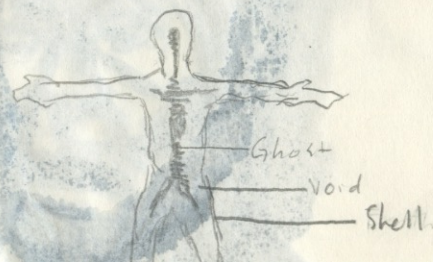
of f fn cfmpef foutf of Xfngyfnf fnf cofstructef  
 llof ff g flong ffe ffnf of tfe f ell of f ivef fn offer to



# VOID FORMS

Start off by saying I dont know if its fair  
 to Apply this concept + retroactively. I heard  
 the term, learned what it meant Months ago,  
 and I have been looking for a way to give it  
 meaning ever since. Take that for whatever it  
 may mean to you.

It felt so ~~far away~~ detached as a concept before  
 but now it is so personal; Its like I knew the void  
 form could exist ~~at~~ in people but could never have  
 thought it existed in me (or could exist in me) until  
 I knew what it was. It really makes a lot of sense  
 right now. This barrier that begins as a protective  
 envelope, to preserve structural integrity, to separate  
 the body from the churning earth. Once the Body  
 is sturdy enough to maintain this space without assistance,  
 the void form dissolves, A protective emptiness! <sup>is preserved</sup> Protection  
 From Change, From the external. Of course we're  
 never whole. The void protected us before we were strong.





...in the ditch with her legs crossed under  
The Misfit said, "I wish I had of been there  
...ad of been there I would of known. Listen  
...In't be like I am now."

...babies. You're one of my own children." She reached out and touched him on the shoulder  
...and struck him over the head three times through the chest. Then he put his  
...ground and took off his glasses and began to clean them.  
...ce returned from the woods and stood over the ditch, looking down at the grandmother  
...her legs crossed under her like a child's and her face smiling up at a  
...The Misfit's eyes were red-rimmed and pale and defenseless-looking. "Take her off  
...out there with the others," he said, picking up the cat that was rubbing itself against his leg









SCREENSHOT 2014-12-16  
at 3:43:52 PM





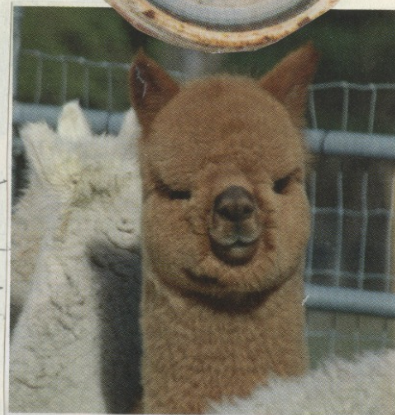
"I don't want you to get cancer 30 years from now and regret that you didn't quit smoking sooner, that's all. If you <sup>don't</sup> quit, you stand a lot less of a chance, it's that simple."

"Yeah, but what if I get cancer anyway, and I could have never smoked and I still would have got it and died. Then I could have been smoking all that time and it wouldn't have made a difference <sup>to</sup> whether I got it or not."

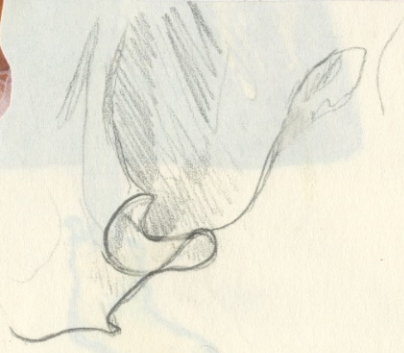
"Yeah, except if you don't smoke and you get it, you end up askin' god, 'why? Oh why me?' and eventually you find religion, you start goin' to church on Sundays and all a sudden you've got new bridge partners and friends to do bible study with, people that want to listen to you talk about your life and stuff. <sup>But</sup> you chain smoke all the way up to the day they tell you you've got cancer and all you've got is, well shit, I guess I should have quit smoking those things a long time ago when Peter told me to."





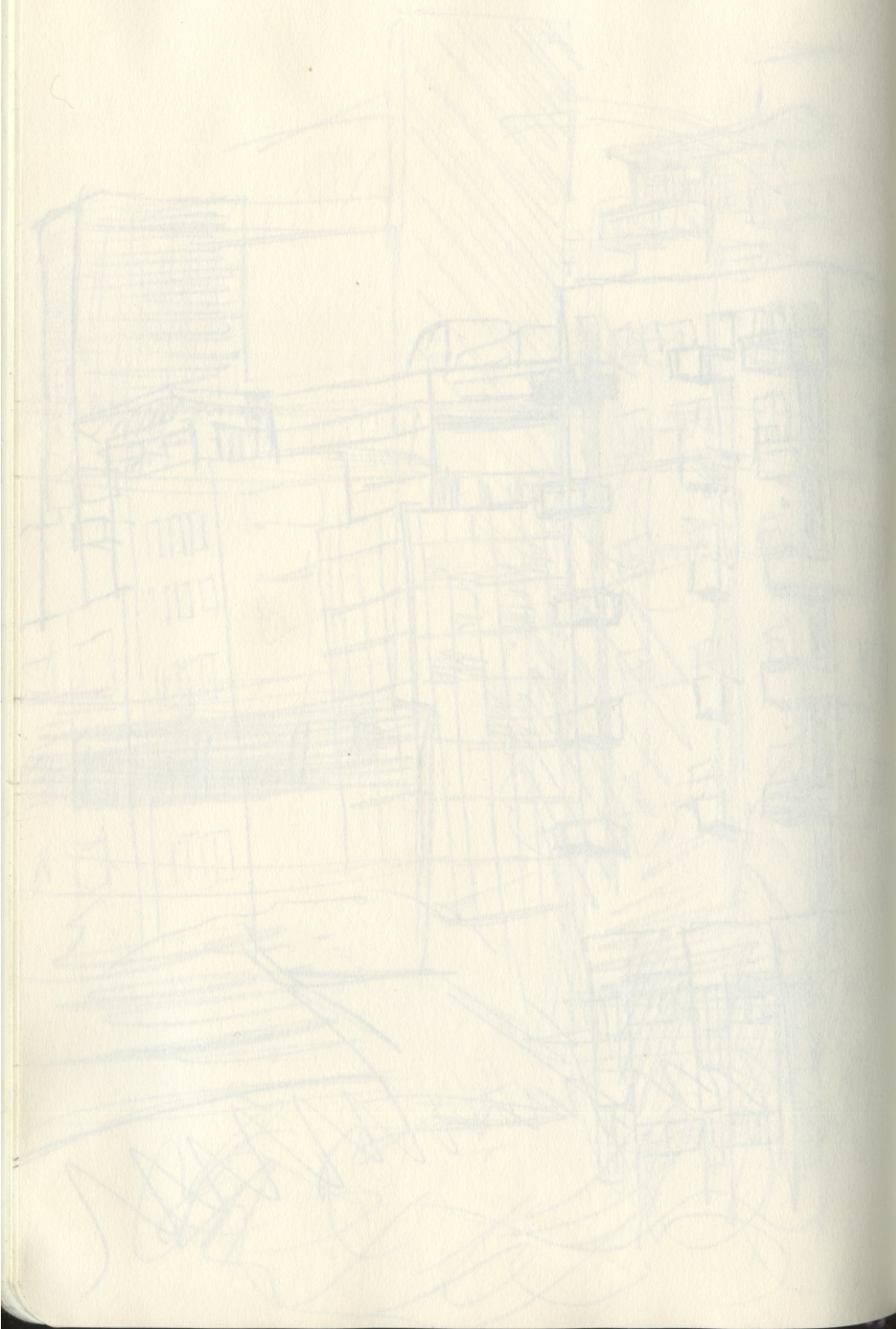




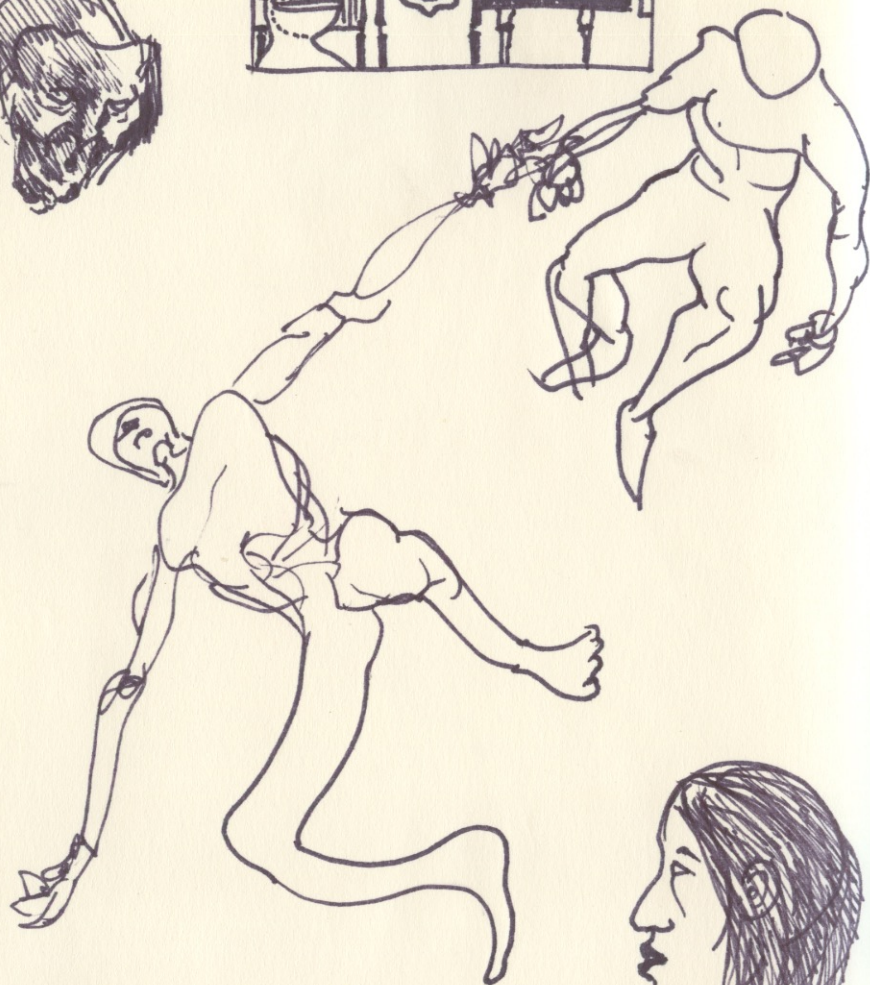




It was pretty hard to act casual







Who killed Adrian Kline?  
Please call this number if you have  
any information. **720-456-3747**  
\$5,000 Reward



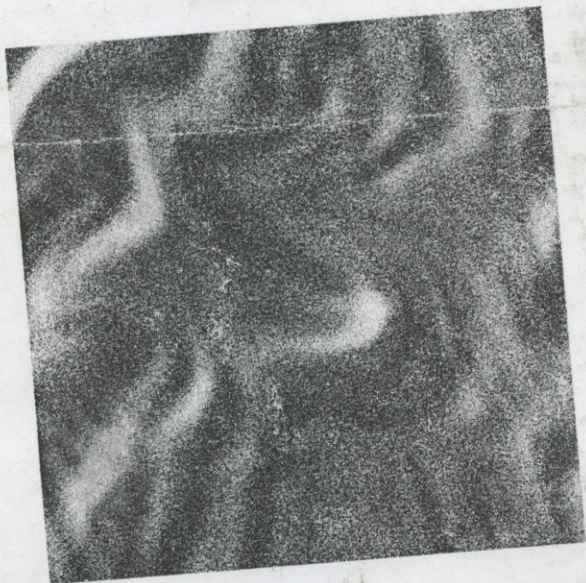
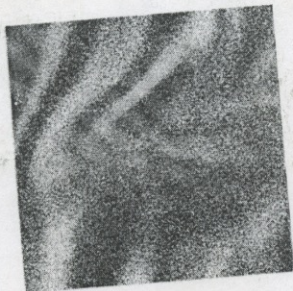
→ Older  
Than a  
dinosaur













What or being obsessed with the silhouette of  
a Pant cuff From a 45° Angle. "The Reality

Principle" No longer assuming any chance that

I'll walk out of the house feeling good

about the way I look in bathroom

mirror or a store window. Conceited.

Contrived.

He

that  
because

or

I

start with the basics,

Self. But I don't see

going anywhere honestly

This is not the type

thing that gets solved.

Can't help but think any

one who hopes or believes

you can have peace of mind,

without lying to your self

or maybe giving up, is entirely

absolutely being had. But by

all means keep telling yourself

you're building a life for yourself because

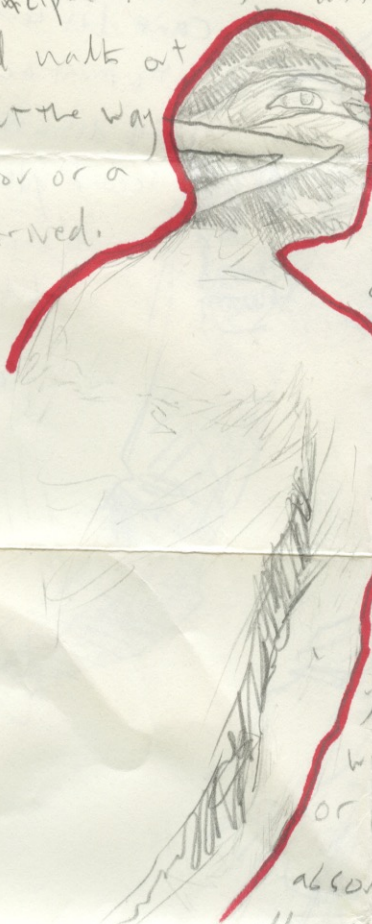
otherwise there really wouldn't be any

hope, if we stopped working on the basis of the

work being worth less than a bad joke. But

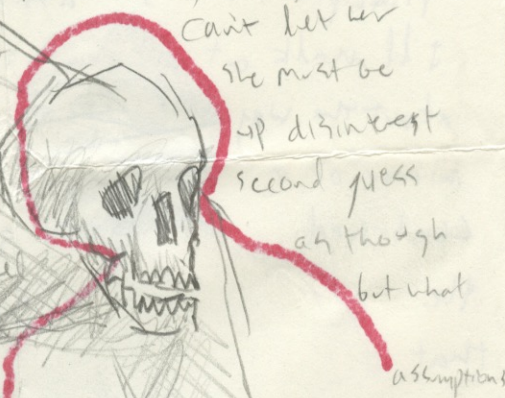
back to the basics obviously didn't work. How do

you keep your thoughts small and immediate when



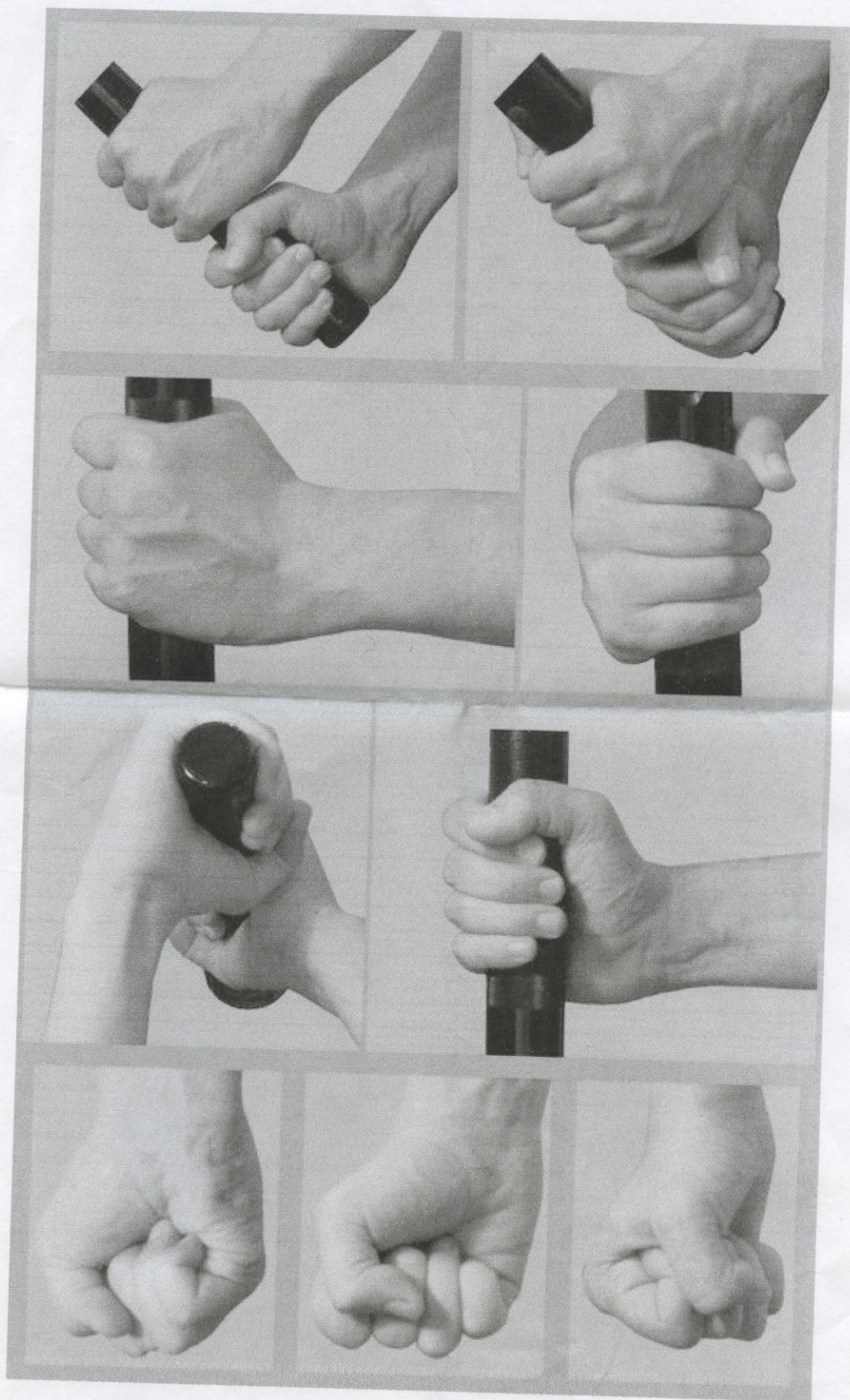


Conscious thought avoids real introspection with such  
 speed and dexterity, whenever I look at myself before  
 I know it I'm blaming everything but myself. Like  
 the way I catch myself scrutinizing Issy's nodding  
 head during the concert. I  
 be enjoying it, I assume  
 Putting on a show to cover  
 or boredom. It's fair to  
 so-called actions, to feel  
 that all of them are  
 in fact to be nice  
 or what Issy is conveying  
 when she ~~points to~~ ~~eyes~~  
 her ~~eyes~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~eyes~~  
 stuck to all the things I saw  
 and all sheets and papers  
 any thing this involved was  
 be a piece of cake to cut  
 off the way we did. I feel  
 real like sharing real  
 right before we went  
 conceited



I'm trying to get to a point of  
 humble appreciation for life but  
 my attitude sucks







RECORDS OF  
THE GRAND HISTORICAL  
AND DYST

REVISED EDITION

Qian

b







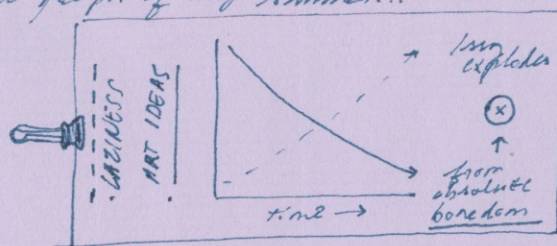
Hey Sreaby Pete!

It was nice to hear your voice the other night. Sorry this took so long to send & it's actually harder than it seems... or I'm just really lazy. I hope the summer's treatin' you well. I read the Garden of Forking Paths my senior year in English - it comes highly recommended by Mr. Coomwell. I liked it quite a bit, though, it's no Dune or fivers.

Doesn't Jorge look absolutely fabulous in this postcard? Look at his left hand! He looks so uncomfortably content, if that means anything. Anyway, I ordered this a while ago. I hope you like it. I really don't know too much about Borges, but I do really like this first story. I just finished a Synchro Novel I've been reading since last summer, so I suppose I feel a bit accomplished.

I'm so bored. This summer is gonna be pretty long.

This is a graph of my summer...



I miss you a lot. It's like you said, it's weird that we're not close to each other. My neighbors at home are the worst. How are the photos coming? I'm keepin' track of your tumbler. Let me know how the fence comes! I want to know all the boring details of your summer.

Keep it fun and enjoy the book!  
Maybe see you on this road trip? Hopefully?

to Bub



photos from the beach

5 June 2014



*Chhlaya  
Bullant*

**I HAVE  
NOTHING DEFINITE  
TO APOLOGIZE FOR:**

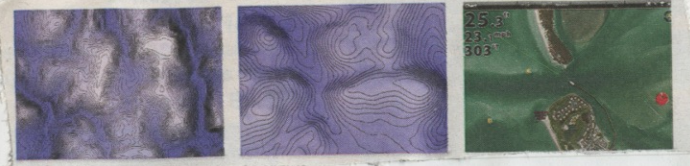
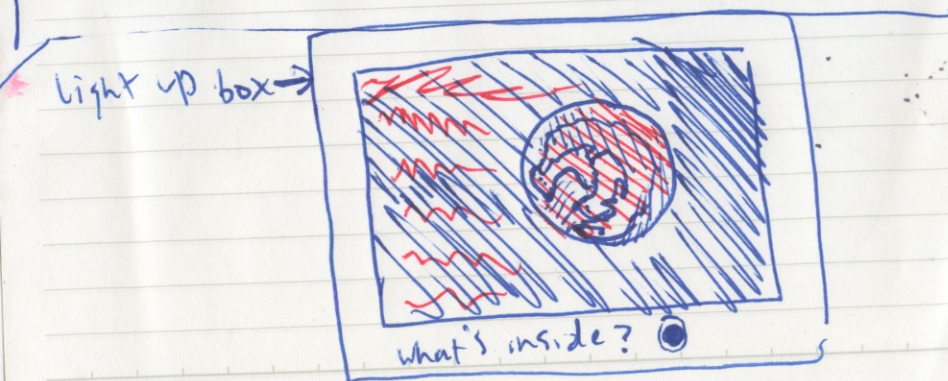
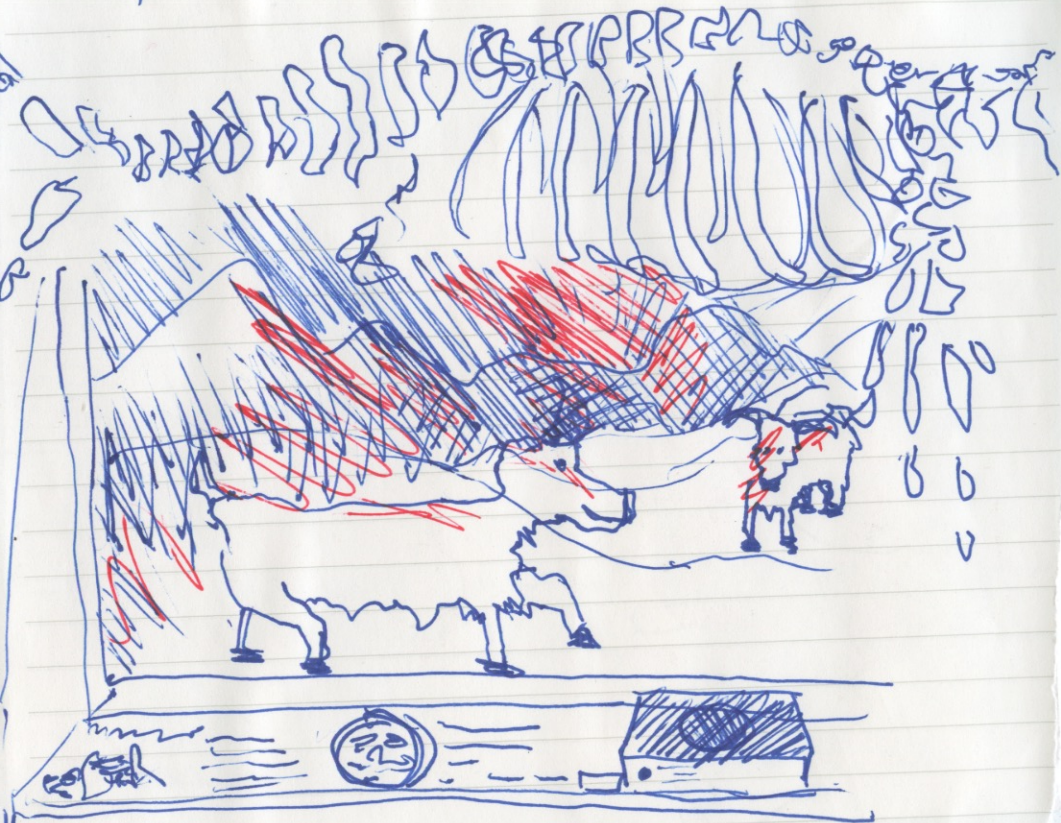
**I'M JUST SORRY  
ABOUT EVERYTHING  
IN GENERAL.**





# MUSEUM Dioramas

Terry Chase



- Museum TOX  
Lizards/ Spiders  
etc.

- Fake plants

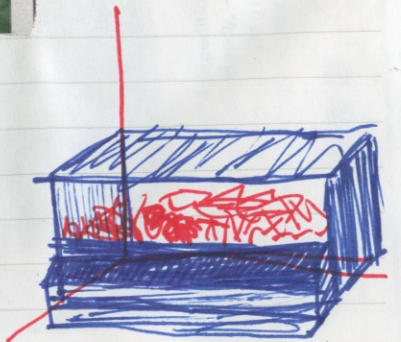
- dirt

- Painted Landscapes  
(Maybe get painting  
from good will and  
Reproduce it larger)

→ Figure ~~in~~ In  
nature? Humanesque  
~~figure~~?

- life size? costume?

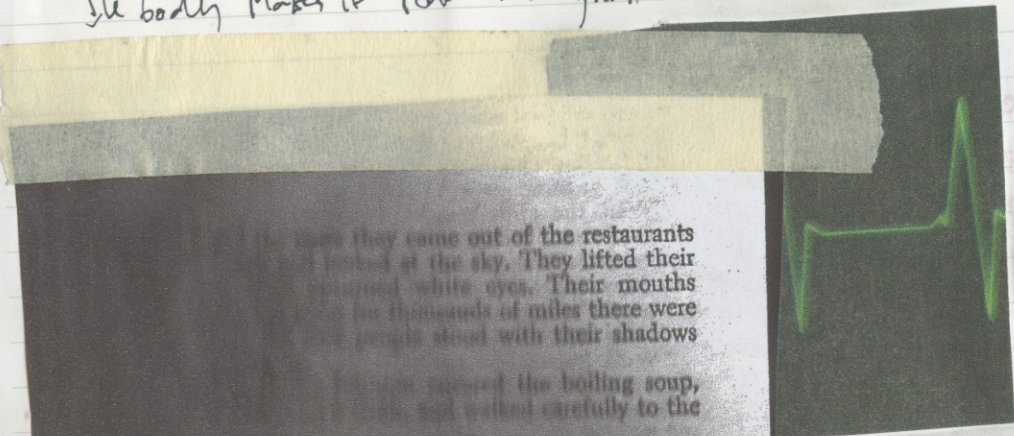
- Panels - Information  
About species in  
Diorama - Names,  
Histories



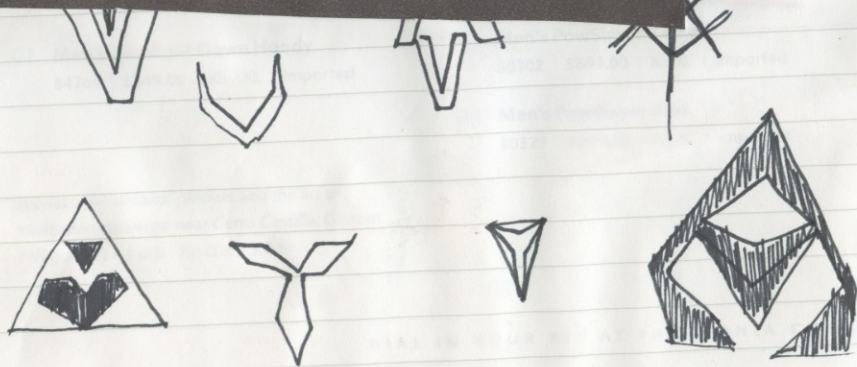


Only write to create ghosts ~~or~~ ~~never~~ write to create the real ~~thing~~.

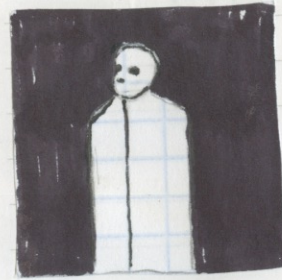
If The Body is the real thing, ~~the~~ ghost  
The body makes it real The ghost makes it a live



~~scribbled text~~



what do you wanna be?



happy  
Aware  
Sure  
Gum



safe  
Comfortable  
Cement  
Smoke



An Oasis of Health & Beauty  
\$1,450,000. ~ Adjacent

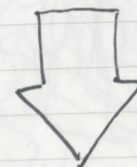


There's something like a ghost in pictures  
like this - of the camera man, or something  
in the frame, or missing from it

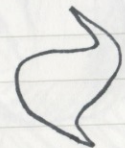
SPACE



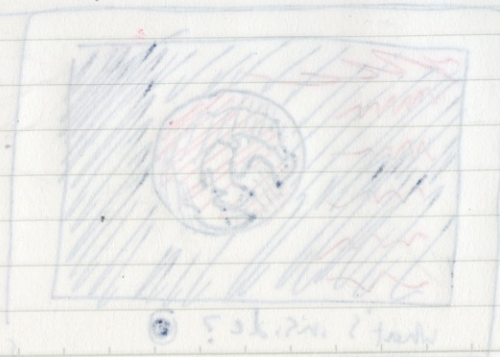
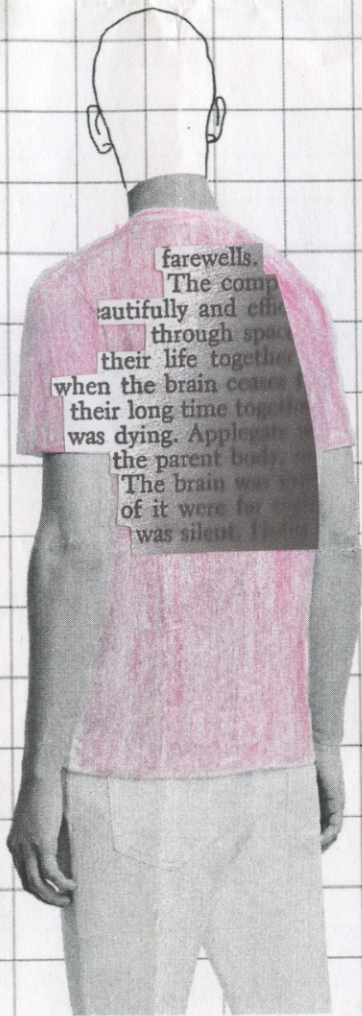
Gravity



Ghost



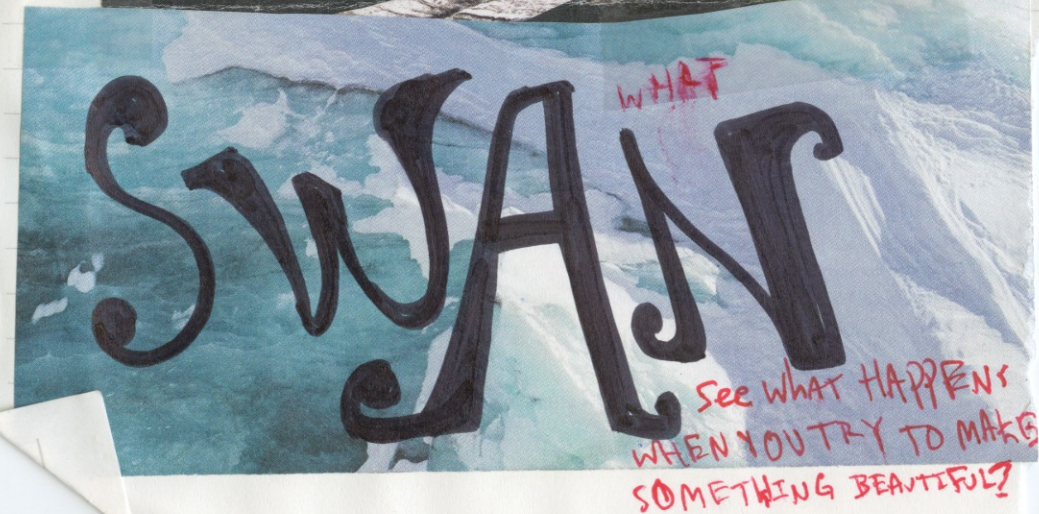




← xad qv Ydpu

© 5 ok 2m 2 july

TREE  
RATE  
OF SPRING





things I should get:

- Alarm clock
- Alida's slippers
- 

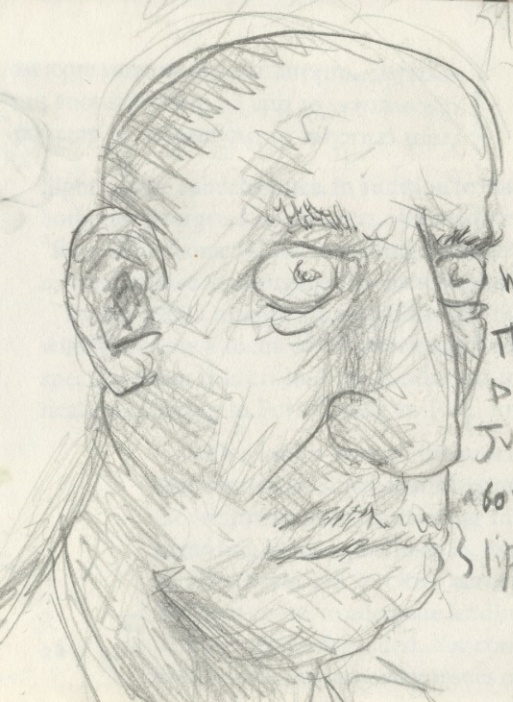
Make a graphic novel without  
any humans



**BRIVING UP  
SERVING UP**



Fig Get it and go



What  
The Fuck  
Did you  
just say  
about my  
slippers?